

# THE DEMOCRAT.

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## A DREAM OF HOME.

The sun's rays slant the path along,  
The air is balmy as in June;  
The robin sings his evening song,  
And through the sky the new, gray moon  
Moves calmly on, untrammelled, free,  
But something whispers unto me—  
"Not yet!"

The brook sings as it gently flows,  
The frog croaks by the water's rim;  
There in content the lily grows,  
And there the fishes, darting, swim;  
I hear and see the old brown mill,  
But, ah! these sad words haunt me still—  
"Not yet!"

In clover meadows broad and fair,  
In drowsy mood the cows await  
The farm-boy's call upon the air,  
While, with his pail, beside the gate  
Which opens down the grassy lane,  
My brother breathes these words of pain—  
"Not yet!"

Peeped church, the school-house near,  
Wood where I have roamed at will,  
Quiet, old farm-house, to me dear,  
Youthful home—my mother's still—  
These as in days gone by,  
Something whispers (as I sigh)—  
"Not yet!"

Oh, hearts, in whom there is no May!  
Who yearn to hear my footsteps where  
The path, so beaten, winds its way  
Under old trees so grand and fair—  
Dear hearts, who long for me to come,  
I can but say I am gone home—  
"Not yet!"

For longer, still, your breasts must know  
A sadness from all disguise,  
Ere I can leave these scenes and go  
And look into bright, loving eyes,  
And clasp the hands so warm, and kiss  
The lips I've pressed so oft in bliss—  
"Not yet!"

Forgotten, but as sweet and strong—  
As when our dreamland autumn lay  
I said "Good-bye," and passed along  
Down the old walk, and went away,  
Not thinking there would come a day  
When I should have—as now—to say—  
"Not yet!"

Alas, not yet! Far, far from this!  
Still must I wait! All I can do  
Is just to wait, long, long, and sigh,  
Bedecked with love, oh, hearts! to you  
And murmur these sad words once more,  
Unthought of in the days of yore—  
"Not yet!"

—GEO. NEWELL LORING, in the *Courier*.

## WRITING FOR LIFE.

Raven and I were at the same hospital,  
St. Lazarus, where he held a medical  
And a surgical appointment. We were  
both hard worked, often day and night.  
Raven looked in good health, and was  
very successful, indeed, he had fair to  
rise in a short time to great eminence in  
the profession. He was immensely pop-  
ular. His gray hair and his bright  
complexion, combined with a frank,  
open and hearty manner in speaking,  
made him a friend with everybody, and  
inspired confidence in all his patients as  
well as his friends.

Raven came up to me one day in the  
hospital. "I've just received a summons  
to Exeter," he said. "The family is  
wealthy and influential; it is now just  
9:30, and we will go down together.  
Send me word during the afternoon if  
you can come or not. From what I  
know of the case I've been called to  
attend, I'm sure it's more of a surgical  
than a medical one. It will be an excel-  
lent chance for you, Lawson, and I can  
promise you a good fee to begin with.  
Therefore, if you can possibly manage it,  
meet me at Paddington this evening.  
You promise?"

"Unless something unforeseen should  
happen to prevent me, I will be at the  
station at 9:30."

Raven was dramatically impressive, I  
thought, as we parted, and I arranged  
my work so as to be able to keep my ap-  
pointment. I was only just in time to  
catch Raven, who hastily opened the  
door of the railway carriage.

"Jump in, Jack, jump in. A half  
crown to the guard has secured the com-  
partment for us all the way down, so we  
shall have it all to ourselves without  
fear of interruption. Time's up; you  
have to run it fine. Fire away!"

He flung in my bag and the several  
rings, etc., and he entered. The guard  
touched his hat and shut the door with  
a bang.

"This door is unlocked," guard,  
said I. "Yes, sir—side nearest the platform is  
unlocked. The other door is  
locked."

He whistled and the train started.  
"I can't bear the idea of both doors  
being locked," I remarked to Raven. "In  
case of accident it would be impossible  
for us to escape from this carriage."

"It doesn't matter," he said, and then  
he closed the door.

For about twenty minutes he remained  
opposite to me, sometimes with his eyes  
closed, sometimes with them fixed upon  
me in the most unpleasant manner. All  
my endeavors to draw him into conver-  
sation failed, and after some time I  
saw them up and also relapsed into si-  
lence.

Suddenly he rose from his seat and  
reared from inside his overcoat a long and  
pointed knife, which flashed ominously  
in the lamplight.

"Jack Lawson, we must both of us  
die to-night," said he, calmly and delib-  
erately, without any excitement of man-  
ner. "I feel that the time has come for  
both to quit this vale of tears."

"Yes, I agree with you, Tom,"  
I replied, "seeing what had hap-  
pened—in as calm a voice as his own. 'I  
have long thought that life was becom-  
ing very undesirable; and to leave it in  
your company, with you, my oldest and  
dearest friend, would be the most agree-  
able thing that could happen. But—you  
are not married, Tom.'"

"Thank heaven, no!"

die. I have not made mine, and I should  
not like to leave the world with the  
chances of my wife and child going to  
the workhouse or to be chargeable on  
the parish after my death. You would  
wish to leave your money to some one in  
particular—is it not so?"

"Of course I should like to leave my  
money, property—of course—yes! I  
never thought of making my will."

"You must also remember, Tom, that  
it would never do to die deliberately, and  
the way we both wish to die, without  
leaving to the world our reason for the  
act."

"You would not wish your name to be  
a by-word and be a cause of derision  
to any one, I am sure; and I am certain I  
don't wish my own to be so. Therefore  
we must draw out our reasons for dy-  
ing?"

"Do you know, Jack, I never thought  
of that?"

"Well, then, first put your knife down  
on the cushion there, and then we will  
set to work. I've plenty of paper in my  
bag and plenty of lead in my pencil, and  
we've the whole night before us."

A tremble of my hand, a quiver in my  
voice, would have been fatal. I opened  
the bag and drew forth the writing  
paper. The knife was on the cushion at  
my side.

"Now, Tom, let us first state our rea-  
sons to the world for wishing to die to-  
night by our own hands. If you will  
dictate to me your reasons, I will write  
them down, and then we will revise and  
correct them. After that I will dictate  
my own to you and you shall write them.  
We shall be able to do our work well and  
quickly."

"Quite right, Jack; we ought to give  
them our reasons. How odd that I  
never thought of that. Let me see; if I  
kill you first I might write them out  
afterward."

"But you will write out mine?"

"To be sure, well, are you ready?"

"I began dictating long and flowery  
sentences. Now and again I inter-  
posed a few words of language to gain time.  
This kept him thoroughly occupied and  
interested, while the train sped on at ex-  
traordinary speed. He had nearly finished his  
long, rambling dictation, when to my in-  
expressible delight I felt the speed of the  
train slackening. I knew my chance  
of deliverance was near."

"Read over for yourself what I have  
written," I said to him. "The carriage  
is very close—a little fresh air will do us  
good. I will make any corrections you  
may require."

I set on the knife and reached over to  
lower the glass. A slight fumbling  
of the knife was in my left hand, and  
concealed under my coat. I turned around  
to look at my old friend, and saw him  
trying intently to read my scribble by  
the light of the lamp, seemingly uncon-  
scious of the stopping of the train. In  
another moment the glass descended, the  
knife dropped upon the platform, my  
hand was thrust through the window and  
on the handle of the door. The train  
nearly stopped as I jumped out, but the  
door and held the handle firmly. Poor  
Raven was then quite speechless with  
what I had written for him. I called the  
guard, and secretly and quietly the por-  
ters were assembled over the platform at  
the door of the carriage.

"Come, Tom, this is swindle! Let us  
have a cup of coffee!" I called him  
through the window.

In that moment the spell was broken.  
I saw him look for his knife, then rush  
to the window at the opposite side, but  
we were too quick and too powerful for  
him. The guard, two porters and I  
jumped into the carriage, and he was  
secured.

My best friend, with a brilliant future  
before him and in the ripe portion of his  
life, was a raving maniac, and has re-  
mained so—insane from that time—one  
of the many victims to overwork.

I need scarcely add the case which  
Raven had represented to me as calling  
him to Exeter was an entire fabrication,  
and was invented by him as a part of the  
scheme which, in his madness, he had no  
doubt seriously imagined would be for  
the benefit of both.

That terrible night can never be ef-  
faced from my memory, and I can never  
sufficiently congratulate myself on hav-  
ing so fortunately thought of the expedi-  
ent which answered so admirably—  
"Writing for life."

—GEO. NEWELL LORING, in the *Courier*.

Mexico's National Drink.

The stranger in Mexico always com-  
plains of thirst, according to a Philadel-  
phia Press correspondent. The rapid  
evaporation makes his throat and tongue  
very dry. As the water is poor and un-  
healthful, pulque shops, a substitute for  
beer saloons, are frequent. There are  
said to be 34,000 licensed pulque shops  
in the City of Mexico, besides numerous  
bar-rooms where the beverages are sold.  
Pulque (pronounced poolkee) is the na-  
tional drink and is the fermented milk  
of the cactus. Eighty thousand gallons  
are said to be sold in Mexico every day,  
and double that amount on Sundays and  
saints' days. It is a sort of combination  
of starch and alcohol, looks like well-  
watered skim milk and tastes like yeast.

It costs but a penny a glass, or two cents  
a quart, so that it is within the reach of  
the humblest citizen and he drinks vast  
quantities of it. Five cents' worth will  
make a peon (as all the natives are called)  
as happy as a lord, and ten cents' worth  
will send him reeling into the arms of a  
policeman, who secures him an engage-  
ment to work for the government for ten  
days without compensation. But it  
leaves no headache in the morning and  
is said to be very healthful. In the most  
climate one might drink large quanti-  
ties without injury, but all the usual  
intoxicants are harmful in this latitu-  
de.

A Remarkable Death.

Robert Jones, a colored lad, aged  
nineteen years, living near Edwinstown,  
Ill., and by occupation a woodchopper,  
came to his death recently in a most  
singular and remarkable way. Having  
arisen at his usual hour and eaten a  
hearty breakfast, he started to walk over  
to the place where he worked, seemingly  
in perfect health. About the time he  
reached the main road he was suddenly  
overcome by something which he hard-  
ly explained, bleeding from all the  
openings in his body and blood  
oozing from every pore of his skin. He  
only lived a few minutes, and was dead  
before medical aid could be secured.  
What caused this remarkable bleeding at  
all his pores is veiled in profound mys-  
tery.

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## FOR FEMININE READERS.

Points of Beauty.

An old Spanish writer has fixed the  
standard of female beauty by an enu-  
meration of thirty good points. The pos-  
session of these points is essential. Here  
they are:

Three things white—the skin, the  
hands, the teeth.

Three black—the eyes, the eyebrows,  
the eyelashes.

Three red—the lips, the cheeks, the  
nails.

Three long—the body, the hair, the  
hands.

Three short—the teeth, the ears, the  
feet.

Three broad—the chest, the brow, the  
space between the eyebrows.

Three narrow—the mouth, the waist,  
the instep.

Three free—the fingers, the hair, the  
lip.

An Eccentric Girl.

The eccentricities of an unnamed  
young lady in New York who made her  
debut this winter are causing a vast  
amount of gossip. At a recent private  
ball she was sitting next to Mrs. Herman  
Jones at supper, when Danny Fearing  
brought that lady an ice.

"Oh, I wish I had an ice," ejaculated the damsel in  
question. "May I not bring you one?"  
politely inquired Mr. Fearing. "Oh,  
yes; only bring me twice as much as  
that. Oh, by the way," she added,  
turning to Mrs. Jones, as the surprised  
man went off, "you might as well pre-  
sent that fellow to me; I don't know  
him."

When he returned and the intro-  
duction had taken place, she noticed  
that he had a bottle of champagne in his  
hand. "Oh, I want some of that," she  
cried. "Let me get you a glass," said  
Fearing, moving away. "Oh, never  
mind that," she was brought up to the  
bottle, "was the reply. 'Hold your hat in  
front of me,' and seizing the wine bot-  
tle she put it to her lips and drained off  
a respectable portion of its contents with  
the ease and grace of a southern bot-  
tlem."

—TROY TIMES.

A Washington Beauty.

A very pretty woman, who has reapi-  
red in Washington this year, is Mrs.  
George Spencer, wife of the ex-Senator  
from Alabama. Six years ago society  
was excited when the Senator went over  
to New York, married Miss Nunez, a  
member of a theatre company there and  
brought his bride here. She was a Mis-  
sissippian by birth and related to several  
generals of the Confederate and Egyptian  
service, and is still a very beautiful  
woman of the slender Spanish type. As  
she appeared the other day, making some  
afternoon calls upon ladies in the same  
hotel where she is staying, she was the  
striking figure of the occasion. She  
wore a long black velvet dress with  
black plumes, very long black gloves,  
and carried a large fan of black ostrich  
feathers, which, in its graceful motions,  
seconded the wonderful play of her large  
dark eyes under the thin arching brows.  
She held a whole company of ladies  
spellbound and fascinated, and that is  
the last and most crucial test of any  
pretty woman's talents. When she said  
down they formed a semicircle before  
her, and she carried them with her by  
storm. Except for an occasional ques-  
tion they left her have it all her own way,  
and she was as bright, sparkling and fas-  
cinating to all those women and be-  
witched them completely with her  
smiles and her black eyes and clever talk  
as if they had been so many susceptible  
men. Only the entrance of Mrs. Logan  
broke the spell, but as they are two  
famous friends they simply joined forces  
and the charm was doubly. —Globe-Dem-  
ocrat.

The Princess of Wales.

A London letter to the Boston Herald  
says: The Princess of Wales is adored  
by the English conservatives and radicals  
alike, and it was a lucky day indeed  
for her admirers when she took the  
sweet and high-minded daughter of the  
King of Denmark to wife. Her popu-  
larity is rivaled only by that of Mr.  
Gladstone, and it is even greater than  
his, for London is hers, heart and soul,  
as well as the provinces. To look at this  
pretty woman no one would  
imagine that she was forty years of age  
and the mother of several children, in-  
cluding two great boys, one of whom  
has just attained his majority. Al-  
though H. R. H. holds herself so well  
that, when seated in her carriage or in  
the box of a theatre she seems a tall  
woman, yet, in reality, she is petite.  
The princess dresses her hair rather high  
and wears high heels. She is always at-  
tired to perfection, and usually in white  
or black in the evening and in very quiet  
colors during the day, but her costume  
at night, however simple, is set off by  
the most magnificent jewels, so that she  
literally "blazes like a jewel in the sun."  
H. R. H. is somewhat deaf, although not  
seriously so. The present writer has  
seen her many times in public, and has  
always been impressed with the grace  
and delicacy of her type of beauty and  
the unaffected goodness that seems to  
surround her like an atmosphere.

The princess is always cheered to the echo  
by the English and the enthusiastic  
and fairly mobbed by the enthusiasm  
public. I have seen her seated in the  
royal coach, returning in state from  
Buckingham palace to Marlborough  
house, preceded by out-riders, a diadem  
on her fair brow and gorgeously attired;  
again, at a garden party, accompanied  
by her little daughters clinging to the  
skirts of her gown, as she walked along  
between the ranks of ladies courtesying  
and men with their heads uncovered,  
again, driving in Hyde park late in the  
afternoon with the little princesses, or  
sailing out to the royal yacht anchored  
off the Isle of Wight, the ribbons of her  
sailor hat fluttering in the fresh breeze,  
her dress a simple blue serge, and still,  
again, selling roses for charity at the  
fete held in the Horticultural society's  
grounds in South Kensington. The  
princess is a familiar, but always isolated  
figure in English daily life. The people  
recognize in her all those virtues which  
her life does so much to reveal, and fol-  
low her good example in overlooking the  
past and putting faith in the future. Cer-  
tainly, moreover, there is no reason to  
complain of the present. There are no  
scandals in their beautiful chateau.

Fashion Notes.

Long eoru gloves are as fashionable as  
ever. They are worn with white, black  
and colors.

Cloth costumes grow in favor, and  
lighter clothes are on the counters for  
spring wear.

Silver and gilt threads in the braids  
worn on cashmere suits make them stylish  
and dressy.

Lace dresses made of piece and border  
lace, or silk, are among the prettiest  
and most useful of evening toilets.

Black silk tulle over black China silk  
is very pretty for evening wear, with  
pale yellow roses at the belt or upon the  
bodice.

Fur-trimmed dresses are worn, but  
velvet and plush are more used than any-  
thing for cloth or cheviot suits except  
braiding and machine stitching.

It is not unusual to see fur used as a  
bonnet trimming. One very pretty capote  
had a high plaited crown of cardinal  
velvet, while the brim is of beaver fur.

Fancy tea-gowns of muslin and lace  
and of Turkish towel are affected by fash-  
ionable New York hostesses at 5 o'clock teas  
or for afternoons at home.

White kids, which have been aban-  
doned of late years, are again worn.  
The mousquetaire, too, has enjoyed its  
season of popularity, and it is to be re-  
placed by the close buttoned glove.

New plaids are as often large as small,  
and in fact all checked, barred, plaided  
and block pattern goods come in graded  
sizes from the smallest to the largest,  
and in every imaginable combination of  
color.

A band of fur forming a fichu around  
the neck, and stopping at the point of  
the bosom is considered very chic,  
worn with cloth suits, when only a  
jacket or no wrap is demanded by the  
weather.

The holokos or Mother Hubbard slip  
is the popular little girl's dress in Europe.  
There it takes the name of the sash  
dress; but it is subject to many varia-  
tions in the wearing of draperies,  
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## THE MAILS OF CONGRESSMEN.

Letters Received By Senators and  
Representatives at Washington.

It requires the services of eleven per-  
sons to handle the mail of the different  
Representatives and Senators at the capitol,  
writes a Washington correspondent.

There are four deliveries a day of what  
is known as congressional mail, the  
morning delivery, before breakfast, two  
at the capitol during the hours the wise  
colons are in session, and another in the  
evening. The first and last deliveries  
are at the private residence of the mem-  
bers. Twelve wagon loads of letters  
and papers comprise the average of the  
House mail for each day. That of the  
Senate, of course, is much smaller.

In addition to the regular clerks, employ-  
ment and messengers each chamber employs  
a limited number of boys who are known  
as riding pages. They are furnished  
ponies and are used to deliver letters  
and documents at the differ-  
ent departments and elsewhere  
throughout the city. Each receives a  
salary of \$300 per annum. There are  
three of these youngsters on the House  
side. The Senate is more extravagant.

With scarcely one-fifth as many mem-  
bers, they find it impossible to get along  
with less than four riding pages. This  
may be said to be characteristic of the  
Senate in every particular. That body  
has twice the number of employees rela-  
tively that the House has, and the pay is  
invariably better.

Speaker Carlisle gets the heaviest mail  
of any man in public life. Next to him,  
among the Representatives comes Randall,  
with Belford, of Colorado, third. Bel-  
mont, of New York, fourth, and Judge  
Kelley, of Pennsylvania, fifth. Randall  
and Kelley's mails, like that of Colonel  
Forster, are mostly communications  
from business men and others asking for  
information on matters of tariff, finances  
and kindred subjects.

Mr. Carlisle's heavy mail is explained  
by reason of his being the only representa-  
tive of a young and rapidly growing  
commonwealth. Colorado has probably  
more veterans of the late war within her  
borders than any State of her size in the  
Union. As most of these people are in-  
terested in pensions, either to the extent  
of asking information as to the best means  
of procuring one or inquiring as to de-  
lays in their settlement, it will be seen  
that his correspondence must be neces-  
sarily large.

General Logan receives the heaviest  
mail of any member of the Senate. After  
his nomination last summer it increased  
so rapidly that the services of his secre-  
tary and Mrs. Logan were entirely inade-  
quate to the task of keeping up the  
arrivals. On such occasions it was no  
uncommon practice for the visitors to  
General Logan's rooms, many of whom  
were employees of the government, to  
assist him with his work. Old tables,  
chairs, and even hat boxes would be  
utilized as desks, and often half a dozen  
superintendents would be found labor-  
ing until midnight. It is General Logan's  
invariable rule to answer every letter sent  
to him. His mail comes principally  
from soldiers, and is not confined, by  
any means, to his constituents in Illinois.  
Not infrequently veterans write to him  
from the Middle and New England  
States. The bulk of letters from sol-  
diers of the late war residing in the ex-  
treme Southern States is addressed to  
General Logan. Mrs. Logan overlooks  
the correspondence, and is the only one  
who is able to tell the difference between  
which letters she can attend to herself  
without troubling her husband to read.  
She is better known to the clerks in the  
pension office than the general, and of  
late years she has attended to nearly all  
of his correspondence. Many of these  
letters are insufficiently stamped. The  
deficit is paid by the Senator. This item  
of expense alone is said to amount to \$25  
per annum.

Plumb, of Kansas, follows Logan as  
the recipient of the next largest mail,  
with Allison, of Iowa, and Voorhees, of  
Indiana, not far behind.

Popular men in Congress are deluged  
with letters in the same degree as they  
in private life, receive more attention  
than those who are more exclusive.  
Voorhees is easily approached, and is a  
half-fellow-well met among the home-  
spun farmers of the Hoosier State. Next  
to Voorhees, Jones, of Florida, receives  
the largest mail on the Democratic side.  
Like Belford, he is proud of it. Jones  
was born in Ireland and worked his  
way to his present prominence from a  
shoemaker's bench. His correspondence  
comes from every section of the country,  
in which respect it is similar to General  
Logan's, though not so diffuse.

The Democrats are already paying the  
penalty of having achieved a national  
victory. Since the election the mail of  
members of Congress of that party has  
doubled—and in some cases trebled.